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CHANTICLEER:

OR, THE

BRITISH COCK.

<sup>R</sup> <sup>A</sup>  
P O E M.

IN THREE CANTOS.



*by Tho. Gooday M.A. Vicar of Monk Wearmouth Church*

Printed for the BOOKSELLERS in Town and Country:  
M. DCC. LVII.

CHANTICLEER:

OF THE

BRITISH COCK

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M T H R I



CHANTICLEER

Printed for the Booksellers in Town and Country

M D C C L V I I




# CHANTICLEER.

## A P O E M.

### CANTO. I.

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*Sir Chanticleer his Family,  
And where he rul'd the Roost;  
And all his Joys are sung, 'till He  
Beheld his Mother's Ghost.*

 SING a Cock of Breed, true Blue,  
Couragious Bird as ever flew;  
Where Valour very late on Trial  
In desp'rate, bloody Battle-royal,  
Triumphant blaz'd! while Chicks unborn  
May rue the fighting of that Morn.

A

NE'ER



NE'ER crew the Bird as yet on Earth,  
 Deriv'd from Stem of greater Worth;  
 Nor ever ran a nobler Flood  
 Through any other Cock of Blood.  
 For martial Deeds his Father's Name,  
 Stands foremost on the Lifts of Fame;  
 For scarce a Sportsman but has heard  
 Of this most celebrated Bird.  
 Immortal DIAMOND! chief renown'd,  
 In War with Laurels ever crown'd:  
 Who feathering PARTLET in a Cot,  
 One stormy Day, our Champion got.  
 His Grandfire was Sir *Hector Heckle*,  
 Whose Female Beauties took a Freckle;  
 Immediately descended from  
 The thrice Victorious *Coral Comb*.  
 His Great Great Grandfire was a Cock,  
 Sprung from an ever glorious Stock:  
 The Son (tho' take the Breeder's Word)  
 Of HOTSPUR, an illustrious Bird.  
 Who through a Kingdom cut his Way,  
 And triumph'd ten Times in a Day.  
 And HOTSPUR was the Son agen  
 Of old Sir *Am'rous TICKLE HEN*,

Whose



Whose Mother, LADY COCKHERTAIL,  
 Was deem'd a Beauty great, tho' frail;  
 Admired by all, and call'd by some  
 The sweetest bird in *Christendom*.  
 And had espous'd that noted King  
 Of feather'd Beaus, LORD FLUTTER WING;  
 But all the Males that he begot,  
 Save one, were soon condemn'd to Pot,  
 For being Rebels all, God wot.

FROM this Right Honourable Race,  
 As far as Records back can trace,  
 Sprung CHANTICLEER. So having done  
 With this, His Dwelling next is shewn.

CLOSE by a River, near a Wood,  
 Old *Christy Dobson's* Farm House stood;  
 And there, this Cock of matchless Strain,  
 Three Years had held a peaceful Reign.  
 He from the Time he left his Mother,  
 Had never seen a Rival Brother;  
 So never knew, poor Bird, not he,  
 The Rage of War or Jealousy.  
 He never from contiguous Farm  
 Had started at the shrill Alarm.

Tho'

Tho' once beside the chrystal Lake,  
'Twas his Misfortune to mistake;  
But never would he credit more,  
Appearances on any Score:  
Yet sometimes when he strain'd his Throat,  
Eccho would babble with the Note;  
Then stately did he strut the Ground,  
And crow Defiance to the Sound.

A SILKEN Coat, bedipt with Gold,  
He wore, right gorgeous to behold;  
Where every Feather dip'd in Die,  
Celestial, caught th'admiring Eye.  
The radiant Ringlets of his Neck,  
That proudest Eastern Kings might deck,  
Came floating o'er his Breast and Back,  
Where Jet would look but Half so black.  
His glossy Wings expos'd to View,  
Outshone the finest *Tyrian* hue;  
White Colours intermingling break  
Like Morn, in many a lucid Streak.  
His scaly Legs the Crocus dy'd,  
And each bore Armour never try'd.  
A Crimson Coronet his Head,  
Sustained; his Eyes were fiery Red:

And

And when enrag'd, this Bird of Game  
Would shake his Chollers into Flame.

A TAIL he had, and on the Rump on't  
A Tuft of Plumage grew Triumphant,  
Which on an antient Warrior's Head,  
Had struck th'approaching Foe with Dread:  
Where two tall Feathers far outgrew  
The Rest, and of an azure Hue.

Two Ladies of no mean Degree  
Were his Companions, happy He.  
One, from the Beauties of her Neck  
Conspicuous, took the Name of SPECK:  
The other, a good Natur'd Dame  
Was PULLEN call'd, a Family Name.  
And these did share an equal Part  
Of all his Grain, and all his Heart:  
And both contented with their LIEGE,  
Strove only, which should most oblige.  
Hence Hell-born Jealousy did ne'er  
Poison the Peace of CHANTICLEER;  
Suspicion never watch'd their Ways,  
And all with them were Halcyon Days.

AROUND



AROUND the Yard they us'd to sport;  
And sometimes to the Fields resort:  
But shun'd the Wood with studious Care,  
For REYNARD lurk'd in Ambush there.  
And once or twice with stealing Pace,  
They'd seen him shew his wily Face;  
And but for shrieking out amain,  
Had never pick'd a Corn again.  
This taught him Caution, mark'd his Bounds,  
And fix'd the Barrier of his Rounds;  
And made him, when the Thicket nigh,  
Look out with circumspective Eye.  
Did ever Noise assail his Ears,  
He straight gave Warning to his Dears:  
Was Kite e'er floating in the Sky,  
Then upwards would he dart his Eye,  
And mark Him wheel his airy Ring,  
And hear Him scream upon the Wing,  
But cockle, as the Foe drew near,  
Himself on Tip Toe, void of Fear:  
His Ladies caught the frightful Sound,  
And cudling near Him always found,  
Under the Shelter of his Wings,  
Protection greater than a King's.

They

A P O E M. C A N T O. I.

7

They envied not vain Damsels who  
 Oft walk, gallanted by a Beau,  
 A B A N T O M Thing that scarce can crow.  
 That Cocks with military Grace,  
 And smiles Miss *Fanny* in the Face,  
 And wears a Rapier by his Side,  
 Never, ah! never to be dy'd.  
 By far too tender and humane,  
 To take a cruel Crimson Stain;  
 It's finely polish'd, Hilt and Blade is  
 Bedew'd with Sighs of vanquish'd Ladies,  
 And while it dangles near his Hand, }  
 Positely ty'd, who can withstand.  
 Thus our Trim Hero now a Days,  
 Merits his Country's Pay and Praise,  
 Proportion'd to the Hearts he flays. }

OUR Captain Cock was none of these,  
 Tho' well he knew the Way to please;  
 And had the uncommon Art of winning,  
 Without one Drop of Monsieur in Him.  
 For He, no Jack, a Dandy Thing,  
 Was never taught to dance or sing;  
 He never knew to make a Leg;  
 Or bend the supple Knee to beg,

To

To affect the Monkey Air and Shape,  
 And turn the Cock into an A.P.E.  
 In order by such like Behaviour,  
 To skip into a Lady's Favour,  
 For his plain Manner understood,  
 Confess'd Him of true *British* Blood:  
 And not so complaisantly bred  
 As to mean nothing by what's said.  
 His Ladies ever took his Motion,  
 And He was still at their Devotion,  
 And when behind 'em, or before 'em,  
 Observ'd a constant strict Decorum.  
 For if one modestly withdrew,  
 To do, what Hens are wont to do,  
 He gave the Beak, a Kiss lay in it,  
 And always wish'd the happy Minute.  
 And when thanksgiving Song betray'd,  
 The Secret of the Tribute paid,  
 He ran to meet his dearest Treasure,  
 And drop't his Wing to express his Pleasure,  
 Then whisper'd, she was seldom coy,  
 He fiercely snatch'd the ravish'd Joy.

O! THEN, for sure, a little Food,  
 Must do her Ladyship much good.

And



And while he rak'd for proper Meat,  
The Hillock rose behind his Feet;  
And if a precious Bit he found,  
He laid the Morfel on the Ground;  
And in a Language, his alone,  
Would call to make it all her own.

IN rural Blifs and Hearts content,  
Thus every happy Day was spent;  
And every Night tho' less in Measure,  
Yielded still its Share of Pleasure.  
For he, or e'er he sunk to Rest,  
Variety of Love exprest.  
He'd cherish that, and chuck to this,  
And mean, altho' he could not kiss;  
And sometimes spread his Wings all over  
Each, his dearest Life and Lover.  
And on their Breast in rainy Weather,  
Adjust a loose disorder'd Feather,  
Or pluck it out; then gently peck  
First this, and then the others Neck:  
While both as near as they could creep,  
Enjoy'd him till they fell asleep.  
And when at Roost upon the Beam,  
Pray, did my Lord and Ladies dream?

B

O!

O! YES, they often dreamt, but then  
They never dreamt like naughty Men,  
They'd dream that *Roger* in the Morn,  
Would come to thresh their fav'rite Corn;  
And to oblige him, thought that they,  
Would keep him Company all Day.  
They'd sometimes see young *Cuddy* stand  
And hold the Bread, and stretch the Hand,  
And call on Chuckies to partake  
The rich Repast, a Wheaten Cake.  
They'd dream of Cheese-curd, Food of Swains,  
Of Millers Sacks, and scatter'd Grains,  
Of Barley damaged by the Wet,  
And Troughs of purest Water set.  
They'd dream of *Susan* in the Dairy,  
Of *Roger's* Sweetheart, buxom *Mary*,  
Who'd give them any Thing she had,  
While *Roger* was her amorous Lad:  
But when his Passion cool'd, she wou'd  
Throw Sticks, and kill them if she cou'd;  
And this same Huffy, as you'll find,  
Still bore them Malice in her Mind.  
Thus many a Night would Fancy play,  
And sport in Vision till the Day.

BUT

BUT when fell Imps from under Ground,  
Or Goblins rise to wing their Round:  
For such, when Stillness rules the Night,  
In Shoals will wheel their dusky Flight;  
And all on various Ills intent,  
To various Beings here are sent  
For Man not only, but each Beast,  
And every Bird when gone to Rest  
Have evil Genii to molest.

Some then on Malice bent, will flit  
Their Way to Barns, where Poultry sit,  
There take a Beam unseen, and creep  
Close to the Ears of Birds asleep,  
In Shape of Bats.

Then would they dream of Hawks, and Kites,  
And see most lamentable Sights,  
Voracious Vermin, never fill'd,  
Sucking the Blood of Poultry kill'd;  
And in the sad distressful Dream,  
They've many a Time been heard to scream.  
Then would they hear, all o'er the Plain,  
The Shrieks of Geese untimely slain;  
And feel the agonizing Pang  
Of Chickens, from a Foulmart's Fang;

And



And very often both by Fits,  
Would wail his Lordship torn to Bits.  
Such dreadful Shapes would Fancy frame  
Unnumber'd, and without a Name,  
As were enough to kill with Fright,  
And make their Feathers stand upright.  
But when the wonted Time draws near  
That wakes the Trump of CHANTICLEER:  
No sooner does he flap the Wing,  
Than up in Air the Goblins spring;  
There hover, till they hear him crow,  
Then flit that Moment down below.  
And thrice he lifts the Trump on high,  
And thrice the vocal Hills reply,  
The list'ning Shepherds watch the Note,  
And bless the Musick of his Throat:  
Tho' visionary Maids in Bed  
Less pleas'd, might sometimes wish him dead.  
Th'awaken'd Pair he now addresses,  
And much they needed his Caresses;  
For he, alas! had found each Breast  
To his own panting Bosom prest;  
And close as when a Bride in Bed  
Hugs Deary, whom she dreamt was dead,

And

And in so terrible a Sweat,  
That every Feather dropt with wet:  
But soon he dissipates their Fears,  
And sooths the Anguish of his Dears  
All in a Language mild as Balm,  
Right apt to heal, compose and calm.  
He argues and convinces plain,  
That all was Vision, void and vain,  
So cheers them into Life again.  
But see, the glimmering Dawn of Light  
Peeps o'er the Barn Door, joyful Sight!  
And CHANTICLEER must once again  
Proclaim the Day, in shrillest Strain:  
Then steps he with Majestick Mien,  
And stately traverses the Beam;  
And peeping downwards, doubts the Day,  
Irresolute to fly or stay,  
But takes a Cart, at last, Half Way;  
There claps the Wing, and then the Ground  
Admits his Honour, safe and sound.  
Now proudly stalks he, but right soon  
To pecking falls, to coax Loves down:  
For oft they seem extremely shy,  
And feign Unwillingness to fly;

While

While with an anxious Shew of Pain,  
 He fondly tempts them down again.  
 He cocks his Plumage, plies his Feet,  
 And scratching, meditates Deceit.  
 Guileful Dissembler! not a Grain,  
 For all this seeming Care and Pain;  
 'Tis all Imposture kind, that proves  
 With what Sincerity he loves:  
 And who'd not fib, as well as he,  
 For a dear Charmer's Company?  
 Not long the amorous Fraud he try'd,  
 Before he hails them Side by Side:  
 Now, welcome down, most heartily,  
 Welcome to the World and me;  
 Sweet Creature,—What! a Lord,—and rude!  
 He - - - crew courageously aloud:  
 And wheeling round, and round about,  
 Gallanted both his Charmers out,  
 To spend the blissful coming Day  
 In Love and Liberty, and Play.

BUT is Sir CHANTICLEER to be  
 Of all Game Birds the happiest He?  
 And is he still of Bed and Board,  
 To rule unquestionable Lord?

And



And must his funny Days ne'er know  
Eclipse? the common Fate below!  
Too sure they must! and soon in Strains  
Right dolorous, it appertains,  
To sing him fighting; but not flying,  
Wounded, bleeding; but not dying:  
And last of all, his great Heart burst  
With Sight, above all Sights accurst.

ONE Night, when every winged Fowl  
Was gone to Roost, except the Owl;  
E'er *Cynthia* had begun to light  
Her Taper, to illumine Night;  
When solemn Silence held her Reign,  
And all was hush, but Grief and Pain.  
Lord CHANTICLEER, with Care oppress'd,  
Sat thoughtful; for he could not rest;  
Had been, nor could he tell for what,  
All Day low spirited and flat:  
He often shifted on his Beam,  
And plain'd, as in a troublous Dream.  
At length the torpid Powers of Sleep,  
He feels through all his Senses creep:  
'Twas then before his swimming Eyes,  
His Mother's Shade did seem to rise.

He

He knew her from the freckled Gown  
She wore, all spotted up and down :  
The very same old fashion'd Dame,  
Her Air and Cock of Tail the same.  
Full to his View, right opposite,  
Upon a Beam she took her Seat :  
She stretch'd the Neck, and Silence broke,  
And thus to CHANTICLEER she spoke :

“ START not, my bravest Son, dismay'd,  
“ To see thy Mother's awful Shade ;  
“ Sped hither, from that after State  
“ Where Ghosts of defunct Poultry wait,  
“ By Night, in order to disclose  
“ Thy Destiny, and vent my Woes.  
“ For know, that by the Will of Heaven,  
“ A wond'rous Faculty is given,  
“ Or Power, by which the sharpen'd Eye,  
“ The Page of dark Futurity,  
“ Distinctly reads, and from the Womb  
“ Of Time marks Good or Ill to come.  
“ Nor think that when the Spirit flies,  
“ Remembrance or Affection dies ;  
“ Unchang'd in them we still remain,  
“ Conscious of Pleasure past, or Pain :

And

“ And for our poor forsaken Brood  
“ Retain the same Solitude :  
“ The same Affections we perceive,  
“ We hope, and joy, and fear, and grieve,  
“ And every Passion, every Flame,  
“ That glow’d in Body, glows the same.  
“ Hence, anxious for our darling Care,  
“ We skim our Circuits in the Air ;  
“ And often when the Danger’s near,  
“ Will whisper Warning in your Ear.  
“ Unseen, we prompt you for your Good,  
“ When near the River, or the Wood ;  
“ And often Times to keep at Home,  
“ You feel Suggestion ours alone.  
“ For not a Creature breathes below,  
“ Without its lurking deadly Foe.  
“ Yes, every Thing that draws the Breath,  
“ Lives in the Neighbourhood of Death :  
“ And you could scarce exist an Hour,  
“ Unless defended by a Power,  
“ Invifibly attendant on  
“ Your Walks, from Morn till setting Sun.  
“ Your Ladies, Sir, have heard this Truth  
“ Fall often from their Mammy’s Mouth,

C

“ When



" When they were little nestling Things  
 " Beneath the Covert of her Wings.  
 " Then further learn: It is decreed,  
 " By Man, that Cut Throat of our Breed,  
 " That thou, my dearest Chick, must bleed:  
 " Bleed, not to gratify his Taste,  
 " And eke out the disguised Feast;  
 " But in a Pit, infernal Place!  
 " Must bleed the Glory of his Race.  
 " A Pit, where Demons all repair,  
 " To blast the wholesome Morning Air:  
 " While Imprecations, smoking hot,  
 " Fly round the execrable Spot.  
 " There Rank is elbow'd, Title huff'd,  
 " And Honour oft Times kick'd and cuff'd.  
 " There Figure, Fortune, Pride and Birth,  
 " Sit blended with the Scum of Earth;  
 " And meanly condescend to squabble,  
 " Amongst a vile promiscuous Rabble.

" AMIDST this motley mad Resort,  
 " My gallant Son must bleed for Sport;  
 " Must combat in the cursed Place  
 " With one of his illustrious Race:

" Where,

“ Where, while the feather’d Champions fight,  
“ Man sees, and can enjoy the Sight;  
“ Can feast his Eyes with Scenes of Death,  
“ While mangled Cocks resign their Breath;  
“ And while the Vanquish’d gasping lies,  
“ Can join the Shout that rends the Skies.  
“ For Sport, like this, thou art consign’d,  
“ Thou best and bravest of thy Kind:  
“ Thou, e’er To-morrow’s Noon is fled,  
“ Must lose the Honours of thy Head:  
“ And this thy Blood that will be spilt,  
“ Deepens the Colour of their Guilt;  
“ Who dare disfigure e’er they kill,  
“ Against Heav’n’s Order, or its Will.  
“ This Barn, this Walk where thou art fed,  
“ And where thy Ancestors were bred,  
“ Thou soon must quit, and in the Town  
“ Thy Might and Prowess must be shewn.  
“ The glorious Ringlets of thy Neck,  
“ Justly the Pride of Lady S P E C K,  
“ Must fall dishonour’d on the Ground,  
“ Clip’d, till they bristle all around.  
“ The Scissars then will next assail  
“ The lofty Plumage of thy Tail;

“ And

" And last of all, each horny Heel  
" Must off, altho' they cannot feel  
" The lacerating Teeth of Steel;  
" And where their Armour grew, must shine  
" Two Silver Weapons, keenly fine.  
" All this, and more than I'll relate,  
" Awaits, my Son, and must await.  
" Yet blame not Fate that so't must be,  
" 'Tis not the Will of Destiny,  
" But Man imposes the Decree:  
" 'Tis freely his own Act and Deed,  
" His Will and Pleasure that you bleed.  
" Know further then: Two Chiefs of Birth  
" And Rank, amongst the Sons of Earth,  
" Have made what Monsters call a Main,  
" When two and forty Cocks must stain,  
" With noble Gore, the reeking Plain;  
" And must a Sacrifice be made  
" To Man's Diversion, hellish Trade!  
" And this is now a Days, O Shame!  
" Esteem'd Right Honourable Game:  
" Sport whereupon a Lord might look,  
" And Pastime worthy of a Duke.

" E'ER



" E'ER long then, my thrice valiant Son,  
 " Must put his native Ardour on,  
 " Severest Proof; but hear thy Mother,  
 " Thy brave Antagonist's thy Brother.  
 " The Virtues of thy noble Blood  
 " Display, be merciful and good;  
 " Exert the Warrior in the Strife,  
 " And conquer, but, O spare his Life!  
 " For loth to yield, tho' pierc'd all o'er  
 " With Wounds, and bathing in his Gore;  
 " Beneath thy Breast he'll bend his Head,  
 " 'Tis giv'n, but fear to strike him dead:  
 " The Victory is thine, and then  
 " Leave Cruelty, my Son, to Men.  
 " But see, he wakes, 'tis Time to crow."  
 This said, she fought the Shades below.



CANTO.



## C A N T O. II.

*Sir Knight, in doleful Dumps, awakes  
His amóurous Ladies twain:  
They hear the woful Speech he makes,  
And cherish him again.*

**A**S one just posting to the Dead,  
Lies pale and panting on his Bed;  
So CHANTICLEER awaking, seem'd  
As if his very last he'd dream'd:  
Chill Horror froze his circling Blood,  
And still the Ghost before him stood.  
Her Manner, Look, and what she said  
Had struck him spiritless and dead,  
And all the Champion in him fled.  
Thrice he essay'd the echoing Note,  
And thrice he falter'd in his Throat:  
Twas then he gently peck'd each Breast,  
As loth to discompose their Rest;  
And whisper'd soft, 'Awake, my Loves,  
' From Slumber, innocent as Doves;

' From

' From pleasing Dreams awake, and hear  
' A Tale, that must afflict your Ear.

" S T R A N G E Tidings I have heard this Night,  
" And stranger still has been the Sight :  
" Freed from the Mansions of the Dead,  
" My Mother's Ghost has upwards sped ;  
" This Night I've seen the very Dame,  
" Her Habit, Gesture, Mien, the same.  
" She had, peculiar to her Race,  
" A serious thoughtful Turn of Face ;  
" A Tail of most uncommon Cock,  
" That mark'd her Origin and Stock ;  
" And then a Ruff about her Neck,  
" With here a Spot, and there a Speck :  
" She wore, a very antient Gift,  
" And Token of the Family Thrift.  
" Upon that Beam, right opposite,  
" The venerable Shade did sit,  
" And op'd her Beak ; hear then and learn  
" A Matter of the last Concern.

" Two Patriot Chiefs have now agreed,  
" That I must soon in Battle bleed :

" That



" That two and forty Cocks must fight  
" To recreate the human Sight;  
" And spend their Life's Blood, precious Treasure,  
" Drop by Drop, to give Men Pleasure.  
" Amongst which destin'd Number, I  
" My Magnanimity must try;  
" And in a base detested Pit,  
" For Massacre and Slaughter fit:  
" Where lofty Man will condescend  
" To doff Nobility, and blend  
" With Beggary's Train; a mungrel Crew,  
" Of various Shapes and various Hue,  
" That to the brutal Place will flock,  
" To enjoy, what would a Demon shock,  
" The Pastime of Cock murdering Cock.

" BUT hear, ye Partners of my Love,  
" And let my Deeds my Words approve:  
" I fear not what the Foe can do,  
" To part with Life's to part with you.  
" That Thought, ah! never to be born:  
" What's Life, if I must ne'er return?  
" There lies the Sting of Death, the Dart,  
" I feel't already in my Heart.

" AND

" AND must I leave my native Plains,  
 " Where smiling Peace and Pleasure reigns ;  
 " Where Love, and Frolick, Mirth, and Play,  
 " Live and revel all the Day ?  
 " Will Man this Happiness destroy,  
 " And tear me from all earthly Joy ?  
 " Is this the Meed for having stor'd  
 " Full oft the Pantry of my Lord ?  
 " Supply'd with copious Streams the Dish,  
 " And given the Flavour to his Wish ?  
 " Is this the Pay for having lent  
 " The fatal gilded Plume, to tempt  
 " The heedless unsuspecting Fry,  
 " Attracted like a Lady's Eye  
 " By Glitter, till they catch and die ?  
 " Have I for this, full many a Morn,  
 " Sung sweeter than his early Horn ?  
 " Ingratitude's a Crime accurst,  
 " The Sin of Devils, and the first.  
 " Ah wo is me ! what must be done ;  
 " Say, Charmers, what, when I am gone ?  
 " Whose Trumpet then, or Clarion shrill,  
 " Shall cheer the Shepherd on the Hill ?

D

" Give

- " Give Warning to the Lark, to raise  
" The wonted Orizon of Praise ?  
" Alarm the Warblers in the Grove,  
" And wake their little Hearts to Love ?  
" Call *Mary* to her Milking Pail ?  
" Or *Roger* for to swing the Flail ?  
" O cruel Fate ! for in the Strife  
" Should I bring Laurels off and Life,  
" It must be so ; the honour'd Shade  
" Pronounc'd me Victor e'er she fled.  
" Inglorious Triumph ! yet who knows  
" I mayn't be spar'd for sharper Woes ?  
" Far sharper than the Pain of dying,  
" Oh ! ten Times keener and more trying.  
" May not, when I am gone, my Dears,  
" (Forgive me while I urge my Fears)  
" Some Rival, of the Breed true Blue,  
" Step in and arrogate my Due ?  
" Play off some new and winning Arts,  
" And steal himself into your Hearts.  
" Should this, which Heav'n avert ! prove true ;  
" And spare my Tears, sweet Creatures, do :  
" They're natural, and only prove  
" A Weakness from the Force of Love :

" Then



" Then strike, Oh! strike, victorious Foe,  
 " And lay me gasping at a Blow."  
 He ceas'd, then sigh'd, and droop'd the Neck  
 Beneath the Bosom of his SPECK.  
 Two gentle Drops a Passage stole,  
 That spoke the Anguish of his Soul:  
 Such Drops as from a Hero's Eye  
 Fall, when he's ravish'd from his Joy.  
 His Words, more deadly than a Dart,  
 Had pierc'd each Lady's bleeding Heart;  
 And SPECK, too conscious of the Stroke,  
 First heav'd a bitter Sigh, then spoke:

" MY Lord, my Husband, CHANTICLEER,  
 " Thy Love, thy Life and Charmer, hear.  
 " May that blest Angel whom we know  
 " Attendant, wheresoe'er we go,  
 " That hitherto from every Ill,  
 " Or near the Wood, or at the Rill,  
 " Has been our Guardian, guard you still.  
 " May the same tutelary Arm  
 " Protect my dearest Lord from Harm.  
 " You doom'd to leave us, say you so?  
 " No, never, while you've Power to crow;  
 " While

" While Hens have Strength to lay their Eggs,  
" Or Ducks to waddle on their Legs;  
" While Geese shall cackle on the Plain,  
" Or Granaries shall teem with Grain.  
" But where is all your Valour fled?  
" Why pale the Coral on your Head?  
" Has it not ever been your Theme,  
" With us, that Dreams are all a Dream?  
" Wild mimick Fancy's idle Train,  
" Meer Trash and Coinage of the Brain.  
" Then why, my Lord, so discontent  
" Because it happens you have dreamt?  
" Take Courage, Sir, 'tis SPECK that begs,  
" And stand intrepid on your Legs;  
" For if your Chucky is not able,  
" By Argument irrefragable,  
" To make it out, that you have been  
" Abus'd, and practis'd on in Dream,  
" Through Spite of some fell Witch or Wizard,  
" I'll forfeit both my Rump and Gizzard.

" THE Phantom says, it is decreed,  
" That you must soon in Battle bleed;  
" Must droop and languish, gasp and die,  
" To recreate the human Eye.

" Strange

" Strange Tidings! and with Horror fraught,  
 " Ev'n Fiends must shudder at the Thought.  
 " Could Heav'n, all merciful, ordain,  
 " That you should bleed, and suffer Pain  
 " For human Sport? If any can  
 " Think thus, he's Monster, not a Man.  
 " Suppose us destin'd for his Food,  
 " Is Man for Game to spill our Blood?  
 " Is he to act the savage Creature,  
 " In very Spite of his own Nature?  
 " Man cannot, Sir, behold a Sight,  
 " Which, but to think on, must affright.  
 " Brute Nature's may be cas'd in Steel;  
 " 'Tis Man's Prerogative to feel:  
 " His tender sympathizing Heart,  
 " Of others Pain must bear a Part;  
 " And if he hears a Creature groan,  
 " He feels its Suffering in his own.  
 " Then can he take Delight in viewing,  
 " Creatures flashing, hacking, hewing?  
 " Or does he think you cannot feel  
 " The Torture of the pointed Steel?  
 " Impossible, and trust me then,  
 " The Story's all a Lie of Men:

" For



" All Beings equally do share  
" Their Maker's kind Regard and Care ;  
" Who wills, that Mercy should be shewn  
" To every Creature as his own.  
" But grant Man had a Heart to take  
" Your Lives for his Diversion's Sake,  
" He would not, sure, prolong your Woes,  
" While flow the Crimson Torrent flows :  
" He could not placidly survey  
" Life ling'ring in the dismal Fray ;  
" With Leisure view the running Gore,  
" Till ebbing, it can run no more.  
" Brute Beasts when ever on the Catch,  
" No sooner seize than they dispatch ;  
" And seldom seem, when o'er their Prey,  
" To lengthen Misery for Play :  
" The Victim falls a Sacrifice  
" To Hunger, and that Moment dies.  
" And will you then in Man dispute  
" That Mercy, granted in a Brute ?  
" To Pity Men are all inclin'd,  
" By Nature gentle, good and kind ;  
" And we, without all farther Proof,  
" But live t'evince this certain Truth.

" For

" For every Day we breathe, we share  
 " The Blessings of his Love and Care;  
 " Partake his Bounty, eat his Bread,  
 " And often from his Hand are fed.  
 " Does he not call us every Morn  
 " To treat us with the Best of Corn?  
 " Will he not spare for us at Noon,  
 " And set himself the Trencher down?  
 " And threaten *Turk*, a surly Beast,  
 " For grumbling while we pick the Feast?  
 " What greater Care can Mortal take,  
 " And all for his lov'd Poultry's Sake?

" SAY, after all this Treatment then,  
 " Can friendly hospitable Men  
 " Bely their Deeds, or feast their Sight,  
 " And take a cruel mean Delight  
 " In setting ardent Creatures on  
 " A dire Contention, which, e'er done,  
 " Must give a thousand Deaths in one.  
 " If this you will believe of Men,  
 " You may, my Lord." So ceas'd the Hen.  
 The gallant Bird no Answer made,  
 But conscious fat, and shook his Head.

DAME

DAME PULLEN, Bride of humourous Vein,  
Then chear'd him in her bantering Strain :

- " Sooner than Destiny severe,
- " Shall clip the Comb of CHANTICLEER ;
- " Or ever it shall be decreed,
- " That thou, couragious Bird, shall bleed ;
- " May first, all other Cocks below
- " Transform'd, at once to Capons grow."
- " May some dire Accident befall,
- " Some general Deluge sweep the Ball,
- " And Hens, Geese, Turkeys, perish all !
- " But, O my Lord ! for Chuckies Sake,
- " Do give yourself the rousing Shake.
- " What ! is our valourous Bird of War,
- " From Infidel, turn'd Visionair ?
- " Does his undaunted Spirit creep,
- " And shrink at Shadows when asleep ?
- " Once more, erect upon the Beam,
- " Stand up, and say 'tis all a Dream.
- " Vouchsafe th'accustom'd Clap, and crow,
- " And drive all Goblins down below.
- " Your Mother ! an old doating Bird,
- " What Pity 'twas she should have stirr'd ;

" Like



" Like screech Owl, with a Scare-crow Story,  
" Greatly diminishing your Glory;  
" Better had she still have stay'd  
" Below, a poor ill boding Shade!  
" Than thus revisit upper Air,  
" On such a Message to her Dear.  
" But if I guess the Cause aright,  
" Of this so strange unusual Fright:  
" Some jealous Whims begin to stir,  
" (And pardon, pray, Sir! if I err.)  
" For I remember well, yes, yes,  
" The Day, when little prattling Miss  
" Told *Cuddy*, as your Lordship crew,  
" That they'd a prettier Cock than you.  
" Suspicion then, that Foe to Rest!  
" Is hatching Sorrow in thy Breast:  
" Infusing Venom, black as Hell,  
" Where Love should reign, and Peace should dwell,  
" For have you not, my CHANTICLEER,  
" In plainest Terms express'd your Fear?  
" (In Case that Fate will have it so,  
" That you must from your Dearies go.)  
" That we might take in the Interim,  
" Some spruce young Lover, brisk and trim;

E

" Admit

" Admit some Cock of wily Parts,  
" To ply his sweet alluring Arts,  
" To steal away poor Chuckies Hearts.  
" Ungenerous Bird! what Cause have we  
" Once given, to doubt our Constancy?  
" When have we seen this rival Bird?  
" When ever from your Dwelling stirr'd?  
" Too fond! when e'er you led the Way,  
" To straddle after you all the Day,  
" And were we ever known to stray?  
" And have we not, awake or Sleep,  
" Crept close as ever we could creep?  
" And if we once retir'd, you knew  
" The Business that we had to do.  
" What Reason then can be assign'd  
" For this so jealous Turn of Mind?  
" Fie then, my Lord! dispel your Fears,  
" Nor think so meanly at your Years.  
" But hear—and may the Powers above,  
" That punish Breach of Vows or Love—  
" Bear witness! if I ever wrong  
" Your Bed, tho' absent e'er so long:  
" If ever wanton Cock prevail,  
" To touch one Feather of my Tail;

" May

" May every Feather there that grows,  
 " Be stuck aloft to scare the Crows,  
 " May I for ever lose all Cock ;  
 " And never sit again and clock !"

S H E said, and strait the Bird was chear'd ;  
 Once more his drooping Head he rear'd,  
 And mildly thus reply'd : "'Tis true  
 " That neither S P E C K, my Love, nor you,  
 " Have, from the Day that made you mine,  
 " By one suspicious Act or Sign,  
 " Giv'n the least Shadow for Pretence,  
 " To call in Doubt your Innocence :  
 " Your Conduct hitherto has prov'd  
 " How well, how dearly well ! you've lov'd.  
 " But Sweets, consider, all along,  
 " As yet, no tun'd enchanting Tongue  
 " Perswasive, under Shews of Truth,  
 " Has put your Honour upon Proof.  
 " Temptation, is the Stone, to try  
 " The Sterling Worth of Honour by :  
 " For tho' it pass for current, yet,  
 " It still may be but Counterfeit.  
 " For in the trying Night or Day,  
 " There's sometimes found some small Allay ;

" Some



36 CHANTICLEER.

" Some Grain of Frailty, even in  
 " Those seeming most averſe to Sin :  
 " Some carnal Smack in niceſt Dame,  
 " That boggles at the very Name.  
 " Then, where's the Merit, Dears! to pride  
 " In Virtue, that was never try'd?  
 " Not that I wiſh, for Honour's Sake,  
 " You ſhould the Trial undertake.  
 " For Female Hearts oft think they're back'd  
 " By Powers, that fail them when attack'd :  
 " And Cock's a tickliſh Adverſary  
 " To tamper with, e'er Chickens marry ;  
 " And Curioſity alone  
 " To try their Strength, has oft undone.  
 " What Force you have, ſhould be employ'd  
 " Againſt the Rogue, when firſt eſpied :  
 " Then, Females all, your Batteries ply,  
 " Repuls'd at firſt, the Foe may fly,  
 " But further, never further try.  
 " Then pardon, if I urge once more  
 " My Apprehenſions, as before :  
 " (For ſure as ſtanding on my Legs,  
 " Yea ev'n, as ſure as Eggs are Eggs,

" We

" We part) I fear some Cock of Fame,  
 " Pretending Passion, Fire, and Flame,  
 " May come to play his custom'd Game;  
 " And complaisantly seem to grieve  
 " Your Want, the surer to deceive.  
 " Such Cocks there are, and who bely  
 " By Deeds, their Blood and Family;  
 " But, should I happen to surprize!  
 " He never more at Feather flies:  
 " Or, haply, some sweet Bird of Song,  
 " And Dress, from out the fluttering Throng  
 " Elop'd, may pay a Visit here,  
 " And strive at first to gain your Ear  
 " By glossing Flattery:—But beware!  
 " In seeming Friendship's Lure, there lies  
 " Design, that may escape your Eyes.

" 'Twas this, if Men you will believe,  
 " That first entrap'd old Lady *Eve*.  
 " For young unpractis'd Hearts too oft,  
 " Mistake a Language smooth and soft;  
 " Until the Fiend, with luring Face,  
 " Insinuates a Passion base;  
 " And peeps, detected, from behind  
 " The Mask, which he assum'd to blind:

" Then

"Then what's the Consequence of this?

"Nay, PULLEN, take it not amiss.

"Why, if he gains his Point, he'll then,

"Like most of fine bred Gentlemen!

"But d——n you for a silly Hen.

"Or lastly, by a Promise made,

"It may be your Fate to be betray'd:

"But if you're gull'd to trust a Bird

"Of Quality upon his Word,

"You then deserve alive to be

"Quite ploated, for Simplicity;

"But I have done—so keep your Word,

"Else dread the Punishment implor'd."

This said, he reassum'd the Air,

With Looks that charm'd the happy Pair.

Alas! he fear'd not Blood or Blows,

Who think so, quite mistake the Cause:

'Twas alienated Love or Scorn,

When of his beautiful Plumage shorn,

He had to dread, and well might know

That Female Eyes are caught with Shew.

But now, that Scruple chas'd away,

He re-exhilarates the Day:

He lifts the Clarion to the Sky,

In Token of his Heart-felt Joy.

He



He feels his native Ardour rise,  
He darts the Light'ning of his Eyes;  
And in a furious Kind of Dream,  
He fights, and conquers on the Beam.

BUT, see! bright *Phœbus* in his Car,  
Had stol'n upon them unaware;  
All Ceremonies therefore ending,  
Again they meditate descending,  
And CHANTICLEER will shew the Way,  
For he could never brook Delay.  
Within the Yard behold him now,  
Once more discharge the Morning Due:  
But never more must CHANTICLEER,  
Within the Yard, or at the Bier,  
Do that same Thing again,—O dear!  
'Twould break the Heart of any Lover,  
To think 'twas now for ever over:  
To think this Morning they must sever,  
And part for ever, and—for ever.

No sooner was he run to scratch,  
Amongst a Heap of new-fall'n Thatch,  
Than, lo! two Monsters in the Yard  
Appear'd, with Looks that would have scar'd

The

The stoutest Heart of Bird or Beast ;  
For these were Ruffians, sent t' arrest  
Poor CHANTICLEER. The Bird they seize,  
Who never spoke more Words than these :  
“ Farewel ! my merry Creatures, twain,  
“ Remember—now you see me ta'en.”  
Old *Christy* shook his Head, and sigh'd ;  
*Cuddy* lamented fore—and cry'd :  
Ev'n *Roger* wept the Bird he lov'd ;  
But spiteful *Mary* saw unmov'd,  
And toss'd her Head, and said, that she  
Had known far better Cocks than he ;  
And if he'd weep for that, 'twere right  
To press such Loggerheads to fight.  
Poor CHANTICLEER, quite broken hearted,  
Imprison'd in a Bag, departed.  
The Men, it seems, could do no less,  
His Lordship's Orders were express.





## C A N T O. III.

*Sir Knight, in bloody Battle, doth  
His Adversary quell;  
But when brought Home to Ladies both,  
Disast'rous Hap befell.*

**A**S when the gentle am'rous Dove,  
Bereft by Falchon of her Love,  
Sits on the wonted Branch alone,  
And fills the Grove with mournful Moan;  
So SPECK and PULLEN; sick of Day,  
Sigh'd many a tedious Hour away.  
Or like, as when a Sailor's Bride,  
Laments the Husband, from her Side  
Torn premature, and dragg'd to fight:  
O cruel and distracting Sight!  
So our two Ladies, at the first,  
Bewail'd, as if their Hearts would burst;  
They droop'd the Wing, and hung the Head,  
And forrowing, thought on all he said:

F

Recall'd



Recall'd to Mind his Look and Talk,  
 And miss'd him all around the Walk.  
 They neither car'd for Play nor Food,  
 Nor heeded *Reynard* in the Wood:  
 Would often see his Image glide,  
 And strut in all his Trim of Pride;  
 And oft'ner, to augment their Woe,  
 Imagin'd that they heard him crow.  
 And when at Nights upon the Beam,  
 Fancy restor'd him in a Dream;  
 They'd wake, the Vision chas'd away,  
 To Sorrows fresh, and with the Day.  
 Such painful Hours of Grief and Woe,  
 When parted, will true Lovers know.

BUT, say, was our lamented Knight  
 Himself in any better Plight?  
 No, no! for in a Loft he pin'd,  
 Immur'd from Day, and close confin'd,  
 Yet kept he Chuckles in his Mind.  
 He wanted not the choicest Food;  
 His Drink was Wine extremely good;  
 And tho' his Fare might give a Treat  
 To Kings, he relish'd not the Meat.

Delicious

Delicious Cake! high flavour'd Paffe!  
 Alas! was Wormwood to his Taste!  
 And—if he peck'd a Bit, he'd then  
 Forget himself, and chuck for them;  
 And when he ever took a Sup—  
 'Twas but to keep his Spirits up:  
 And well he might, when near the Day.  
 That he must all the Hero play.

HARK! Folly's Trump, in loudest Strains,  
 Makes Proclamation of her Games;  
 Inviting, and proposing Prizes  
 To all her Children, of all Sizes,  
 Down to the Cobler from his Grace,  
 And names the very Time and Place,  
 Where every Order and Degree  
 May hold a whole Week's Jubilee.

THE Day is come—her Sons arrive  
 (For who would fail that are alive)  
 Like Swarms promiscuous at a Hive:  
 Such was the populous Resort,  
 And such th'amazing Itch for Sport.  
 Inhabitants of Town or Vill,  
 Those in the Dale or on the Hill,

Must

Must all alike obey the Call,  
No Matter—whether great or small,  
For the same Passion fires them all.  
Congenial Souls! whose Bosoms glow  
With Love of Pastime, Shout, and Show.  
Let but your bleeding Country call  
Aloud to Arms—God save us all!  
How many then to take Command,  
And bravely face the Foe, and stand?  
Not one—for where's the Joke or Fun  
To parley with presented Gun,  
On Horses—only train'd to run?  
On Steeds, not manag'd for the Fight,  
But finely carry Tails in Flight.  
Such was the Chance, when late in Buff,  
Full many a valiant Colonel Bluff,  
To meet old *Caledonia's* Son,  
With desperate Rage inspir'd, rode on,  
At Head of Posse com. quite stout,  
Determin'd all to have a Bout:  
Yea, all determin'd to a Man,  
To kill, e'er killing Work began.  
But when the dread Alarm was giv'n—  
That dread Alarm! — Good gracious Heav'n!  
Away!



Away! away! like driven Deer,  
 Run Lads—and D—I take the Rear!  
 Nay, they did scarcely prick their Ear,  
 And some were forely spoil'd thro' Fear;  
 So spoil'd, that in the Night, the Foes  
 Took \*\*\*\*\* by the Dint of Nose.

So have I seen, in Pasture fair,  
 Some Woollen Troops, a timid Care!  
 That always keep a watchful Eye;  
 No sooner distant Foe espy,  
 Than all face instantly about,  
 And seem at first quite resolute;  
 And form a Body deep and square,  
 Tho' no horn'd Officer be there;  
 Except Bell Leader, but, at once  
 Should *Coaly* give a Bark, and bounce—  
 Gods! what Confusion then prevails!  
 And what strange turning up of Tails!  
 So many a Mammy's Pet might run  
 From Muzzle of confounded Gun:  
 For who dare stand to take his Knocks?  
 Or what have we to fight but Cocks?

SUNK to a poor enfeebled Race,  
 Half loaden with Cockade and Lace:

Behold

Behold a military Swarm!  
 Bred to shun Danger, and keep warm;  
 Thin puny whip'd-up Things of Froth,  
 Upheld thro' Strength of Chicken Broth,  
 Whose Beef and Mutton-hating Bellies,  
 Demand auxiliar Soups and Jellies;  
 Who catch at Pudding, and at Pay,  
 And fear Nought, but—a fighting Day:  
 Yet keep their Courage trig and tight,  
 To push in *Venus'* Camp at Night.

As Sun-shine Swarms of Summer Glitter,  
 Hatch'd in a genial Bed of Litter,  
 Rush out, and drive away, intent  
 On Nought, but Food and Merriment;  
 And every Night, in Troops, will throng  
 Beneath warm fostering Heaps of Dung;  
 And there lie snug from Cold and Rain,  
 Till Sun-shine cheers them out again.  
 Such Insects, not a few! do spring  
 From underneath Corruption's Wing,  
 To guard our Country, and our King:  
 While Family or Election Merit  
 Must supercede all Soul and Spirit.

For

For not a Sprig on Earth can thrive,  
Nay hardly can be kept alive,  
Howe'er so fair, unless it be  
Slip'd from a Branch of Quality.  
Yes! the rough Veteran may beg  
In vain, upon a Wooden Leg;  
Be tamely forc'd to chew his Cud,  
For being prodigal of Blood;  
And have, for many a broken Head,  
The Honour to march starv'd to Bed.  
If such e'er hope to rise, they must  
First take a Slumber in the Dust;  
And wait with Patience, till the Day  
That Lords shall all be out of Play.  
Nor is the Case with jolly Tar  
Much better; sometimes worse by far,  
Tho' *Britain's* only Trust in War:  
He's, like a Felon, forc'd to be  
Depriv'd of Birth-right, Liberty:  
He's rudely seiz'd, and ship'd to fight  
For great Mens Properties and Right;  
Must risk Life daily on the Seas,  
And toil—that such may loll at Ease!  
Must suffer Kicks, Contempt, and Scorn,  
From Bullies highly bred and born,

Mark'd



Mark'd out for some Command or Station,  
T'insure Dishonour to the Nation.

And what's his Comfort, what his Meed?

Or what Encouragement to bleed!

Is it to think, while Vice is fed,

That his poor Family wants Bread?

To think, whatever some deserve,

That his—and only his, must starve;

Strange Hardship, sure! for such to bear,

That claim a Kingdom's special Care.

SEE pale *Britannia* droop her Head,

And wail her pristine Glory fled!

While *Tweedle Dum*, and *Tweedle Dee*,

*French* Fashion, Fops, and Frippery,

Pimps, Puppies, Pugs, and Parasites,

Lewd Days, and masquerading Nights;

Low Pride, and Passion mean for Game,

*Newmarket* Glory, Cockpit Fame;

Routs, Rabbles, Rackets, Balls, and Plays,

Are all th' Ambition of our Days.

But stop, O Muse! thy Rage restrain,

Resume the Song, 'tis Folly's Reign:

Contending which shall first arrive,

See Coaches after Coaches drive!

Cram'd

Cram'd full of Beauties—brittle Ware!  
 And Beau, the Beauty's pretty Care,  
 Smit with the marvellous Delight,  
 To mock the Glow-worms of the Night.  
 Assembled Stars! whose blazing Sphere,  
 Man—foolish Man, dare venture near.  
 See Jockey Knights, and 'Squires, advance  
 On Steeds, train'd like themselves—to dance:  
 While others, of no mean Degree,  
 Spurr'd with the like Desire to see,  
 Come next, and then—for near a Mile  
 Appear'd a Body, Rank and File;  
 Recruited from all Quarters round,  
 On Pads that, living, vex a Hound;  
 Where, for a Twelve-month past, each Beast  
 Had baulk'd a Kennel of a Feast:  
 And, last of all, came pouring in  
 Whole Troops, that plash'd thro' Thick and Thin;  
 These Infantry as keen, no Doubt,  
 To join the wond'rous Rabble Rout.

UPON a blighted Spot of Ground,  
 Within a Town for Trade renown'd,  
 A Structure stands, and to the Eye  
 A Dove-coat looks; but—Look's a Lie.:

Its Form rotund, and does discover  
 A barbarous *Gothick* Taste all over :  
 'Tis with no curious Sculpture grac'd,  
 No stately Columns there are plac'd ;  
 Without, no Order you'll descry,  
 And all within, but shocks the Eye.  
 Sacred to Cruelty 'tis built,  
 Spirit accurst ! there Blood is spilt  
 In such Abundance, that the Sod  
 Oft reeks—fit Incense for the God.  
 This was the Game first instituted,  
 And who is he that dare dispute it ?  
 In Honour of this Deity,  
 Who sits enthron'd aloft, to see  
 The Triumphs of Barbarity.  
 Here Mortals all the Man resign,  
 For such are Cruelty all thine ;  
 While Hecatombs of Cocks must fall  
 For Pastime—diabolical !  
 Within this Temple CHANTICLEER  
 Must purchase Glory bloody—dear.  
 Behold him then ! within the Pit,  
 Where *Britain's* Worthies stand or sit :  
 But oh ! how chang'd from him of late !  
 The same in Nothing but his Gate.

 }  
 Like



Like a strip'd Warrior to the View,  
 He stood despoil'd of Plume, and crew;  
 He lifts the Leg, and shakes the Head  
 Superb, and seems with Scorn to tread  
 Th'ensanguin'd Ground. No less the Foe,  
 Pond'ring Destruction at a Blow,  
 With sparkling Eyes undaunted stood,  
 And felt the noble Rage of Blood  
 Kindling in every Vein. Now rise  
 Applausive Shouts, with mingled Cries  
 Of money'd Blades, and roaring Bullies,  
 Outragious to take in the Cullies.  
 'Twas then the Combatants thought fit,  
 While Noise and Uproar rul'd the Pit,  
 Their Fury to restrain, untill  
 The *Bedlam* grew a little still.  
 Mean while our Hero long'd to see  
 What Sort of Folks and Company;  
 And casting round the Place his Eyes,  
 With high Astonishment he 'spies  
 That awful Chief, who fell'd their Calf,  
 Close at the Lug of \* \* \* \* \*  
 For to a Cock's sagacious Ken,  
 Revealed stand all Sorts of Men.

And

Strange Creatures! yes, they droop the Wing,  
And, where a Lady crows, ne'er sing.  
The Bird was struck to see him there,  
Fix'd like a Statue—Mouth and Ear,  
In greedy Attitude to hear;  
While *Cleaver* ran with mighty Glee,  
Quick o'er our Champion's Pedigree:  
He heard what Wonders had been done,  
What Fame achiev'd, what Battles won  
By his great Ancestors; and then  
He heard the Worth of many a Hen.  
But oh! too shocking for the Bird,  
Strange Imprecations now were heard,  
For Soul, and Body, Eyes, and Blood,  
Were pour'd on all Sides like a Flood.  
Tremendous Oaths! the frightful Yell  
Of Furies, and the Din of Hell.  
He 'spied that dreadful Man of Metal,  
That sung of Lanthorns, Pans, and Kettle,  
Accost his Comrade, fam'd *Tom Jolly*,  
While both at once let fly a Volley;  
For that's th'acustom'd Way of greeting,  
With Tinkers, at a Cockpit Meeting;  
Then straitway did old *Sly* attack,  
Right Worshipful, with Thump o'th' Back.

(For

(For boon Companions, and old Cronies,  
 Regard no formal Ceremonies,)

And prompt, and eager, to infuse,  
 Almost, a Budget full of News.

He ever and anon would thrust his  
 Nose, in the very Ear of Justice:

He knew his Horses, Dogs, and Stock  
 Of Pullen, to a single Cock.

From whence to Favour he did climb,  
 Surprizingly in little Time;

And but too oft this Sort of Knowledge,  
 Avails beyond all School or College;

For none more happy, when together,  
 In smoaky Ale-house, in wet Weather:

And *Sly*, when grown a little mellow,  
 Was quite an entertaining Fellow!

And none knew better, o'er a Cup,  
 The Way to wind his *Worship* up;  
 And bating Freedoms that were ta'en

Too often with his Maker's Name,  
 He could on certain Topicks be  
 Facetious to the last Degree.

There would they fight old Battels o'er,  
 And many a valiant Cock deplore,  
 And start the Racers, then no more.

}  
 There



There would they Dog with Dog compare,  
 And run down many a Fox and Hare;  
 'Till *Mabel*, forc'd to hold his Head,  
 Would coax *Sir Budget*, off to Bed,  
 And take her Turn to entertain,  
 'Squire *Quorum*, at a different Game.  
 —He saw the Fool that sold his Lands,  
 With Countenance serene, shake Hands  
 With Numbers, that he'd seen i'th' Stocks  
 For poaching, and for stealing Cocks.  
 And many more he ey'd that Day,  
 Associates in the Jockey Way;  
 That drive the secret Trade of Bridle,  
 And in the Night lie seldom idle:  
 All active, enterprizing Fellows,  
 With Features that express—the Gallows.  
 He 'spy'd a Wight of Garment thin,  
 That breath'd around Perfumes of Gin,  
 Reel much, and much he d—m—d his Skin:  
 A Purse he held, and did attack  
 The Loon whose Shoulders bore a Pack:  
 The same that did frequent their Cot,  
 With Ribbons, Laces, and—what not;  
 And for a Lock of *Susan's* Hair,  
 Would barter Choice of Linen Ware.

Near

Near him a Porter, swol'n with Oath,  
 Cram'd much Mundungus in his Mouth;  
 Of which he shortly made discharge  
 Amongst the Company at large:  
 Where Part of Quid bedaub'd his —,  
 And Part half hid a Fidler's Face.  
 He 'spy'd that merry thimble'd Thing,  
 That us'd to sit cross-legg'd and sing;  
 Peep like an Owlet, undismay'd,  
 O'er Honourable Shoulder Blade.  
 —And lastly, to his great Surpize,  
 He hit of with his searching Eyes  
 An ever memorable Sprite,  
 Of fable Hue, an awful Sight!  
 The same, he thought, that us'd to scar,  
 His Ladies, when descry'd afar.  
 For, once a Year, he came to pop  
 His Head out of their Chimney Top;  
 But, while he o'er his Features ran,  
 He found his Error in the Man.  
 It was a *Reverend Sir*, God wot!  
 Upon the vile unholy Spot?  
 Engag'd, before the Sport begun,  
 In Conjurat'ion deep with —.

All these he ken'd, and more no doubt,  
But wanted Time to make them out.

FOR, see, the feather'd Chiefs advance,  
With haughty Strides, and fiery Glance,  
Of desperate Eye! near and more near  
They still approach; no brandish'd Spear  
They wave, no glittering Sword of Steel;  
But lift, light arm'd, at either Heel,  
A Silver Fate: They seem to peck,  
And threaten fierce, with bristled Neck,  
A dreadful Bout. To work they fly,  
While Shouts, alternate, cleave the Sky.  
At first, too eager to sustain,  
Close Combat, o'er and o'er again,  
Each others Backs they dart amain.  
Then peck the Sod, and poise the Wing,  
And watch each other on the spring.  
—Not long: For every well aim'd Stroke,  
Eluded thus, must soon provoke  
A different Conflict; now they close,  
And holding fast, deal well their Blows,  
Redoubling mutual Strokes, and then,  
Desist to breathe, and sieze again.

Dread



Dread Intervals! Behold, they spill,  
 And spout it with good Heart and Will;  
 While on each others Heads they flash,  
 And open many a rueful Gash.  
 Such the dire Contest, such the Fray,  
 On this *Right Honourable* Day.  
 Our Hero's fierce Antagonist,  
 Ply'd well his Heels, and seldom mist,  
 And aim'd a well directed Blow,  
 That laid his staggering Compeer low.  
 The Croud set up a fresh Acclaim,  
 And thought the gallant Bird was slain.  
 Not so, he rose, renew'd the Fight,  
 And wheel'd directly to the Right  
 About, insensible of Pain!  
 Then turns, and strikes, and wheels again.  
 At length to close this Scene of Death,  
 For both grew faint, and gasp'd for Breath.  
 Our Champion fac'd once more the Foe,  
 He ey'd the Part, and aim'd the Blow:  
 His Rival felt the fatal Wound,  
 And chuck'd, and flutter'd on the Ground.  
 That Moment then, a joyful Rout  
 Upris'd th' intolerable Shout!

H O ————— While

While trusty 'Squire full soon bestir'd,  
 And ran to help the drooping Bird;  
 He gently strives to rear his Head—  
 But all in vain! his Strength was fled:  
 And thrice he tries, and thrice again;  
 But finding still his Labour vain,  
 He lifts him up, and bears away  
 The Warrior nobly prov'd this Day.  
 And now, good Gods!—what Yells and Cries  
 Aftound the Ear, and fright the Skies!  
 Triumphant Hats are whirl'd around,  
 All Order's in Confusion drown'd,  
 While Caves rebellow to the Sound.  
 A Cobler's Wig flew round the Place,  
 And hit his Honour in the Face:  
 Joy flung the Fidler into Fits,  
 Joy broke the Fiddle all to Bits:  
 He'd won a Pound (which set him raving)  
 Of Barber Surgeon, earn'd for Shaving;  
 A Chield was by, the Time he nick'd,  
 And Fob of sweet Musician pick'd.  
 Ah luckless Wight! how very soon  
 Is Mortal Man put out of Tune!  
 A Moment scarce, from merry mad  
 To Melancholy funk—O sad!

No

No Instrument now left to play on,  
 No Coin on either Side to lay on:  
 But chear thy Heart, and scorn the Theft,  
 Thou ne'er can'st be of Hope bereft,  
 While *Sukey* has her Fiddle left.

*Sukey*, a gamefome Thing and funny,  
 That tunes her Instrument for Money;  
 And never fails to heighten Sport,  
 In Places of polite Resort.

THE Rites perform'd, strait open flew  
 The Doors, and out th' infernal Crew  
 Rush bellowing, and madden, hot  
 And furious, round th' accursed Spot,  
 With Looks of various Cast and Hue;  
 While Loss or Gain on every Brow  
 Sat visible. For here you might  
 Behold a wretched useful Wight,  
 Curse his dire Fortune, and bemoan  
 Poor Wife and Family at Home.  
 Another too you might espy,  
 And mark much Ruin in his Eye.  
 The Gamester hight, who rests his Hope  
 On Chance, t' escape a Jail or Rope:



An old Surtout, with Belt begirt,  
 He wore, to hide a ragged Shirt;  
 A Pair of leaky Boots, bespatter'd,  
 Betray'd his Hose all rent and tatter'd:  
 Sunk were his Cheeks, with Pain he talk'd,  
 And cough'd his Lungs up, as he walk'd:  
 A very Ghost! and yet he'd spare,  
 By Fits, a little Strength to—swear.  
 Full many a fretful Day, had he  
 Spent in the Sharpers Company;  
 And thro' distressful Nights, had run  
 In Jockey Hastē to get—undone.  
 Infatuate Wretch! get Home, and try  
 To move Heaven's Pity, e'er you die:  
 Is this a Time, mistaken Fool!  
 To let a gaming Passion rule?  
 Better by far, while Mercy hears,  
 To venture Penitence and Tears:  
 One Chance is left, 'mong Numbers past,  
 Then venture Man, this Dye's the last.

BUT, say, since now my Tale draws near  
 Its End, how fares Lord CHANTICLEER?  
 O sick! O very sick he lies!  
 And bleeding at the Mouth and Eyes;

While

While Farmer *Dobson* does explore  
 His Cuts, with lenient Touch all o'er;  
 And bathes his Temples, fond to shed  
 The Drops balsamic on his Head!  
 He ply'd the skilful Surgeon's Part,  
 To dress his Wounds, and cheer his Heart:  
 That done, he left him to repose,  
 And take a Slumber after Blows.  
 But long, e'er Morn, in stoutest Strain,  
 He sung his Strength restor'd again:  
 He sung his Conquest o'er the Foe,  
 And hail'd the Light with many a Crow.  
 For now the joyful Day was come,  
 That must restore him to his Home:  
 And sweet's the Pleasure! after Pain,  
 To think of Life and Love again.  
 For Love was all the wish'd-for Meed;  
 For this he bravely dar'd to bleed:  
 And he that Honour nobly gains,  
 Must surely merit for his Pains  
 Each balmy Joy that Love can give,  
 Or after fighting who would live?  
 —So thought our HERO, but, alas!  
 The Case is chang'd from what it was.

For

## 62 CHANTICLEER.

For who's the Fool to fight for Fame,  
 Or Love, or such like poultry Game?  
 Is Honour worth the Toil and Trouble,  
 When he that wins it, grasps a Bubble?  
 Sure not; for Honour then to bleed,  
 Must be Knight Errantry indeed:  
 And more than Mad-man must he be,  
 That draws his Sword for Liberty.  
 What's Country, Liberty, or Law,  
 But all the same old-fashion'd Cause?  
 A wiser Passion bears the Sway,  
 And that's the glorious Thirst for PAY.  
 'Tis that alone that rules the Roast,  
 That fires the Heroes of the Host,  
 And pours our Thunder round the Coast:  
 The Source, alone, from which have sprung  
 The mighty Wonders we have done.  
 This sets the Nation in Amaze,  
 And brings whole Multitudes to gaze:  
 Ships Armies off, to strike the Blow,  
 But where—no living Soul must know;  
 Until the brave victorious Fellows,  
 Come crown'd with Glory back to tell us:  
 To tell us—what the Thing explain,  
 Why, that they're going back again.

This



# A P O E M. C A N T O. III. 63

This fills the Statesman full of Scheme,  
 And lulls him in a golden Dream,  
 When he beholds the darling Dance  
 Of Millions, in the pleasing Trance.  
 This nerves the Arm, directs the Blow,  
 And drives the Fury at the Foe:  
 And lastly, when the Soldier reels,  
 Imparts Alacrity to Heels;  
 And, only, cannot in the Fray  
 Work Miracles, and win the Day.  
 'Tis then, that *Venus*, in the Field  
 Invok'd, will interpose her Shield  
 Between her Champion and the Foe,  
 Whose Look would lay her Darling low:  
 And should the *Hero* chance to fall,  
 Fell'd with the Whistling of a Ball,  
 The guardian Goddess then will throw  
 His Body in a fragrant Cloud;  
 And strait convey him far from Harms,  
 To bleed within a Lady's Arms.

But now, the Sporting done and ended,  
 Behold, our gallant Bird attended  
 With Shouts and Acclamations back!  
 While he, triumphant in a Sack,

Heard

64 CHANTICLEER.

Heard, as he road along that Day,  
 Congratulations all the Way:  
 For every Man, and Dog, and Boy,  
 Ran out to wish old *Christy* Joy.  
 While *Roger*, cumber'd with his Dame,  
 Befrid a Beast, both old and lame;  
 Whose tough and well-belabour'd Hide,  
 The most outrageous Spur defy'd:  
 Nor could the Torture of the Whip  
 Avail, well-ply'd on either Hip.  
 'Twas then the Lasses saw him stick  
 His *Tickler* to the very quick:  
 Yet all the Fury that he had,  
 Was spent on retrogressive Pad;  
 And many a Joke they flung and Squib  
 At *Roger*, niggling at a Rib;  
 And sneer'd, to see him all the while  
 Force many an awkward rueful Smile.  
 For his Posteriors, in a Fret,  
 On Horse of Wood believ'd him set;  
 And ever and anon he'd swear.  
 Such Pain will Rusticks often bear  
 For Pleasure, at a Race or Fair.

MEAN

MEAN Time the Farm-house they descry,  
 Sight pleasing to the Looby's Eye!  
 And CHANTICLEER must let them know  
 Who's coming, by a hearty Crow:  
 At Six exactly they arrive,  
 Sore jaded, all—yet alive.  
 Young *Cuddy* ran to meet the Bird,  
 (Tho' cruel *Mary* never stirr'd;  
 But sat reflecting, spiteful Jade!  
 With Pleasure on the Trick she'd play'd).  
 No sooner did the Lad untie  
 The String, too hasty in his Joy!  
 Than out pops CHANTICLEER, away,  
 Too fast for *Cuddy's* Stop or Stay;  
 And gains the Barn-door in a Hurry,  
 All in a high tumultuous Flurry:  
 That Moment enter'd; up he threw  
 His Eyes, and stagger'd as he crew.  
 "Where are my Loves?" No sooner said  
 Than he espies—O! strike him dead!  
 A Red Coat Coxcomb in his Bed:  
 And what was ten Times worse than killing,  
 He 'spied the wanton Creatures billing.



For had not *Mary*, out of Spite,  
Pick'd up a strolling Cock one Night;  
And plac'd the Vagabond between  
Poor Chuckies, in a melting Dream.  
O may she live to catch, Pox on her!  
A Husband in the self same Manner!  
O'erwhelm'd with Wonder and Surprize,  
At first, he could not trust his Eyes;  
He look'd again. Then from his Throat  
The Coxcomb trill'd a puny Note;  
While *Madams* nestled close to Lover,  
Like guilty Wretches under Cover,  
Asham'd to shew their Face thro' Fear,  
When caught by unexpected Dear.  
A Rage, that cannot be express'd,  
This Moment seiz'd our Hero's Breast.  
Upon a Ladder's Step he hopp'd,  
Then down again, poor Bird! he dropp'd:  
He could not fly, and scarce could stand—  
No Sword or Pistol at Command!  
What could a Cock in his Distress,  
So circumstanc'd, do more or less?  
And what would Man have done, alas!  
Suppose Similitude of Case?

God

A P O E M. C A N T O. I I I. 67

God knows! but they who've seen the Sight,  
Have felt his Agony that Night.

AND all ye Lovers, whensoever  
You leave sweet precious Life and Dear;  
Those Angel Forms, that seem by much,  
Too fine t'endure the human Touch!  
And so extremely shy, that even  
A Look can hardly be forgiven;  
Almost too delicate to bear  
The saucy Freedom of the Air.  
Yes! 'tis even so—yet still, I say,  
Remember, when you're call'd away,  
That there is always left behind,  
A Tempter of the Serpent Kind.  
A Snake that plies ten thousand Arts,  
To wind its Tail round Ladies Hearts;  
And knows that Virtue lodges in  
A tottering Tenement of Sin,  
Too prone to fall! then have a Care—  
—Steal not on Deary unaware,  
When you return; at least, be sure,  
To rap and thunder at the Door:  
For if the Devil's busy, where  
He often plies—I mean Upstairs,

Hell,

68 CHANTICLEER.

He'll take th'aftonifhing Alarm,  
And leave his magick Ring and Charm;  
Will tremble like a Rat, that's got  
To fome forbidden Sweet-meat Pot;  
Will skulk about to hide his Head,  
And fly for Shelter under Bed.  
Give Warning then betimes—'tis right—  
For there's no bearing of the Sight.

A while the perjur'd Harlots fat,  
And felt their Hearts beat pit-a-pat;  
Guilt agitated—confcious both  
Of violated Faith and Troth:  
Till PULLEN op'd lascivious Beak,  
And trembling, thus was heard to fpeak:

“ O lack a Day! Lord CHANTICEER!—  
“ —That cannot fure be you, my Dear?  
“ No, no, believe me, on my Word!  
“ You've not one Feather of my Lord:  
“ No, not a fingle Mark all over,  
“ That can reveal our former Lover.  
“ Nor can our Eyes ev'n bear the View  
“ Of fuch a filthy Thing as you;  
“ Stol'n .



- " Stol'n hither to escape Disgrace—  
 " Pray has your Wife, Sir, scratch'd your Face?  
 " You're certainly some Coward fled:  
 " Pray where's the Comb that grac'd your Head?  
 " Your very Legs your Shame reveal,  
 " The Spurs are knock'd from either Heel;  
 " And then your Neck and Tail, declare  
 " Dishonourable Act in War.  
 " But if you were that very Lord,  
 " That once we lov'd, admir'd, ador'd,  
 " We cannot, Sir, admit this Night  
 " Entreaty for a Husband's Right:  
 " For here a Charmer, in your Stead,  
 " Has ta'en Possession of your Bed;  
 " A gentle Cock, politely bred!  
 " Has travell'd round the World, and brings  
 " A wonderful Account of Things:  
 " Can tell such Stories—O my Lord!  
 " For sure he is the sweetest Bird  
 " That ever at a Feather flew!  
 " Besides, he's scarce the Age of you:  
 " Has fought, and swears that on the Plain  
 " His Eyes beheld your Lordship slain.

K

For

} -

" For we were, really, very loth,  
 " Indeed we were, believe us both,  
 " To trust him, till — he took an Oath :  
 " And after that, I know not how,  
 " By many a Promise, many a Vow,  
 " By sweetly languishing, and sighing,  
 " By bleeding at the Heart, and dying,  
 " He overcame, in such a Way !  
 " — O CHANTICLEER ! O lack a Day !  
 " A Cock, that never would desist,  
 " And tho' repell'd, would still persist :  
 " How could two simple Hens resist ?

POOR CHANTICLEER his Rival ey'd,  
 " Fell back—and gave a Chuck, and—dy'd.

F I N I S.

23 JY 69



